

The Saturday Evening Post

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To * * *

When the darts of ill lie and the shafts of resentment
Are hurl'd with fury impetuous force,
The spirit, mad, cannot bear with contentment,
Although it is conscious it merited none.
But who can describe the pangs all destroying
Of the bosom so sacred, so faithfully prov'd,
That dash'd the last value, the bliss of enjoying
The company best of the object he'd.
Dear girl, will you say wherein I've offended,
Or friendship's affectionate duties forgot?
Have I ever the voice of retraction commanded?
If I endear but answer, 'With my I have not.
Why then wait longer distress me with scowring,
With inglorious derision and merciless frown?
With blight the young blossom of love's opening morning,
And all its fond wishes in apathy drown?
Oh! why the dread wrath so hastily moves thee,
And fills all my bosom with sorrow and pain;
Restore but to favour this heart that still loves thee,
And anxiously waits thine affection again.

Dec. 15th, 1823. CARLOS.

AYMER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

AIR

In a neat little cottage surrounded with green,
Where woodbine encircles the door,
There liv'd a fair maiden as ever was seen,
She was merry, and happy, but poor.

Was merry, and happy, but poor.

Her innocent heart, that never knew guile,
She thought from affliction secure,
Her lovely features ever beamed with a smile;
She was happy although she was poor.

Was happy, although she was poor.

But a neighbouring youth, her fancy had taught,
To believe his affections were pure;
For often he told her, and often she thought,
He lov'd her although she was poor;

He lov'd her although she was poor.

ELLEN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

JOY

Come sweet smiling wreath of pleasure,
Still peace to my bosom import,
You, those little innocent treasure,
I hail thee, still nearest my heart.

Though grief it should sometimes awaken,
Long sorrowing torment or care,
Let thy influence still prove unshaken,
And launch unceasing despise.

ELLEN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MY BIRTH DAY.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

My birth day!—what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears!
And how, each time the year comes round,
Less and less wrote its mark appears.

When first our seventy years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And a month counts the shining links
That bind around him binds so fast,

Plough'd with the task, he little thinks
How hard it is when it will present itself.

Van was the man, and false as vain,
Who said—'We're he ordain'd to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he had done!'

Ah! 'tis not thus the voice that dwells
In other birth days speaks to us;
For otherwise—time it tells
Lavish'd unfeeling, cold.

Of course no end of talents made
Happy for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's increase, laid
Upon unfeeling, earthly sin;

Or nursing many a wrong desire—
Or wandering after Love too far,
And taking every mortal fire.

That could my path way, for her star!

All this I tell; and could I trace
The impious secret vice o'er again,
With power to add, retouch, efface,
The lights and shades the joy and pain,

How little of the past would say!

All, yet that freedom of the mind,

What hath been more than wealth to me?

These friendships in my bosom twined,
And kept till now unfeelingly.

And that dear Home, that saving ark,

Where Love's true light at last I've found,

Shining within, when all grows dark.

And countless, and stormy round!

SONG.

Tune—Knight Errant."

When Feros dom on the battle stoms
Her weary land received;

When round her fair majestic form
The serpent, livery twined;

And the sun beneath the cloud,
Great Wmngton appeared;

His daring hand roll'd back the shroud
And thus the sultry cher'd—

But, burst thy chains! Be great, be free!

With giant strength arise!

Men, stretch thy pinions, Liberty,

The flag raise to the skies;

Captive, clasp thyself in Glory's robe,

Let stars thy banner garn;

Rule, rule the sea—possess the globe—

Wear victory's diadem—

Go, tell a world a world is born—

Another ad gives light;

Another, 'm dashes the morn,

Another star the night—

Be just to brave—let thy name

Honor forth Columbia be;

Wear, wear the mortal wreath of fame;

The wreath of Liberty—

He mid—ad is! the stars of night

Forb'd to her banner flew;

And stars with pencil'd light to light,

Her blunder on it drew—

Columbus's Christians mix'd the pines,

The glorious sheet unfurled,

And with it to his native shore;

And world's over the world.

BOSTON BARD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To * * *

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Dec. 15th, 1823. CARLOS.

THE MORALIST

ON TIME.

Where is yesterday? It is gone forever! Where is to-day? Its moments are on the wing! Where is to-morrow? "In another world?"

To numbers this is certain; the reverse? Is sure to none!

YOUNG.

On what then are our hopes built? on time or eternity? on earth or heaven? Is the creature or the creator our chief good? the uncertain stream or the boundless ocean, our source of supply? These are momentous inquiries. May we lay them to heart! May reflection feed upon them; May grace improve them!

Of what infinite value is time! It is the space given for repentance, or to fill up the measure of our iniquities; it is the prelude, the forerunner of heaven or hell; and yet, how short, how uncertain is duration!

"Slow like the dial's tardy moving shade,
Day after day slipp'd from us unperceiv'd.
The ebbing fugitive is swift by stealth;
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
Yet soon the hour is up and we are gone!"

YOUNG.

How small a part of time elapsed has been given to our God! how much to vanity and folly! The world has claimed its portion, and we have acceded to its demand. Business has required its allotment, and we have granted its request—Our wearied bodies have asked for their share; and hours have been allotted to sleep which might have been more profitably employed in praise and prayer. Sinful diversions, in our unconverted state, have stolen from us, day after day; and midnight has not ended our thoughtless revels.—These, and nameless other objects, have, at one period or other, engrossed our attention, our affection, our esteem, but how small a portion have we reserved for reflection, for prayer, for soul concerns!—Well may we adore the clemency of God, and with the prophet exclaim, "It is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed; and because his compassions fail not: blessed be his holy name, they are new every morning!" But what are our thoughts, our views, our dispositions? Have we profited by experience; and can we say, the time past of our life has sufficed us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles; to have served divers lusts and passions! Are we now obeying from the heart, the Divine injunction, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate; and touch not the unclean thing?" Are our thoughts, our desires, our pursuits, such as become those who are called to glory and virtue; such as are suited to the dignity of the followers of Christ, and heirs of the kingdom? Can we throw down the gauntlet, like our Divine Saviour, and say, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" Alas, we cannot our experience tells us that in many things, we offend; that in all we come short of that glory, in which it is our privilege, and should be our ambition, at all times to shine. How circumscribed are our views of God, of his word, and of ourselves! How much dross is still mixed with the fine gold of the kingdom! How often does a deceitful heart betray itself, and tell us we have not yet attained, neither are already perfect!

What reflections should these convictions produce? May they not briefly be these:—A new period of time is begun; another year (perhaps my last) is commenced. Lord let me be devoted to thee! let our hearts, our lives, our all be thine! We desire to love thee! Make us ashamed that we are still so cold; make us glow with divine ardour; calm us as the purchase of thy blood, as the conquest of thy love, and henceforth

"Be thou our all,

Our theme, our inspiration, and our crown,
Our strength in age, our rise in low estate;
Our soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth; our world,
Our light in darkness, and our life in death.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a story somewhere in fabulous history, about a quarrel that took place between a couple of travellers, concerning the colour of the camelion: one asserted it was green, and the other was equally positive that it was blue; a third person presented himself and told them they were both in error, for it was neither green nor blue, but inconstantly black, as he had the animal then with him in a small box, he had no doubt but his assertion could readily be proved by ocular demonstration—so he opened his box, and they all saw it was white—at once convincing them of the folly of their previous contention. Now it seems to me

that many of the controversies among men, are upon no better foundation than that which is represented to have taken place about the colour of the camelion. Truth is certain; but man's apprehension of truth is liable to uncertainty; his capacity of vision and of understanding is various; and though the divine voice is always pure and incorruptible, and the information thereby communicated is always certain and infallible, yet it is not every one who professes to be under its government, that is so on all occasions. It is quite possible for a person to think he has it in his conclusions, when they result from nothing higher than his own fallible senses and fallible rationality; and also quite possible he may pretend to have the Divine unction, when he knows he has not; man is composed of the animal nature, the rational understanding, and the immortal soul.—The Divine Intelligence operates on the soul and through that to the rational understanding, bringing the animal man into obedience to the divine government. Now, man with all his superiority over the inferior orders of creation, the nobility of the structure of his frame, and the vast power of his intellectual capacities, is the mere creature of error, independent of heavenly instruction, and whenever, or upon whatever occasion, he undertakes to act in concerns that are spiritual, without the influence of that wisdom which comes immediately from the Fountain of Light, he gropes in a labyrinth of darkness; and let his pretensions be as sanctified as they may, he is not within the holy enclosure of incorruptible truth, nor an inhabitant of that "city whose walls are salvation and whose gates are praise." Hence it is evident, that all those controversies which result from the unscrupulous will and imperfect wisdom of man, and all those hypothesis, which are supported by any means whatever that are inconsistent with the plain doctrines of the gospel of peace and salvation from all darkness, error and violence, are not part of the works of the new covenant dispensation; nor, whatever may be the ostensible object, can they promote the coming of that kingdom in the heart of man, for which we are taught devoutly to pray.

The perfection of religion consists in an entire obedience to the divine government. Few have arrived at it—many are progressing. The same may change its colour, or rather may appear to do so; but religion is the same in all ages substantially—whatever different colouring may have been put upon it by the imperfect vision of man; its most important requisitions are uncontested by all who are devoted to its influence, and in fact by many that are not so

LUCAS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I treat of times long past, over which the twilight of uncertainty had already thrown its shadow, and the night of forgetfulness was about to descend forever.—KNICKERBOKER.

Among the pleasures which a leisure hour affords, there are few greater than that of looking back upon the days that have been. Whether it be the fond remembrance of our early and innocent amusements, or the more distant annals of a later age. To look back upon the toils and troubles of a generation that has long since descended to the grave, and to bring before us the whims and oddities of those whose names only are remembered.

In researches of this kind I oftentimes amuse myself, and find that in any individual a little enquiry will elicit much: accident has at different times thrown many in my way, whose lives had not been greatly lengthened, but been marked by much of interest and anecdote. Now and then, I meet with one whose early days were passed in my own neighbourhood, and the local changes which have occurred in a few years appear incredible. But I have also met with many whose remembrance can carry them so far back as to make the very city in which I reside appear the offspring of almost a day. Some of these anecdotes and reminiscences I propose to furnish for the amusement of the inquisitive, and trust they will be found amusing. I do not hold myself responsible for their correctness for I relate them just as they were given to me.

It was but a few evenings since that I came across an old but wealthy worthy of the last century, and after having conversed with him some time, he related to me the following anecdote. In his younger days he was fond of rambling, and though he had never gained much of worldly wealth, yet it gained him much of worldly knowledge. In 1777, having resided many years in the island of Santa Cruz, he took his passage in the Sloop Liberty to the United States. On the voyage he was appointed a lieutenant of marines, and when arrived off the Capes of Delaware, they found it not only blockaded by the Roebuck, a British man of war, but discovered that they were pursued by her.—The Roebuck soon came up with them, and the Liberty, after having exchanged several broadsides of small arms, ran aground in Harcourt inlet, a few miles inside the capes. In this situation they were still firing, when the Roebuck came so near as to allow her commander to be distinctly heard to say "D—n it, give her a shot between wind and water." As the Roebuck thus lay bearing on the bar, our hero saw a sailor take a match from the companion way of the Roebuck, and before he could apply it to the gun, a tremendous wave threw the Liberty completely over the bar, and she sailed up the inlet and escaped. In a moment after, the shot struck the very spot from which they had so narrowly escaped. It was a 42 pounder and would have gone completely through her! She discharged her cargo and part of her crew, and among them my informant, who proceeded on to Philadelphia. In a few weeks the Roebuck came up to the city also, and our hero concluded he would go on board and examine her. At this time he had in his pocket a certificate of citizenship from the king of Denmark, a paper that protected him fully from impressment. He passed the sentinels unmolested, and on getting on board, observed an officer walking on her quarter deck, apparently her commander, he stepped up and asked him, "Sir do you command this vessel?" "I do," was the pithy answer. "I have a curiosity to inspect her," again enquired our hero—"is it any offence?" "None at all, sir," was the reply of the Briton. Permission being thus granted, he proceeded to inspect the Roebuck.—He went below and examined all that was worthy of attention. She was a three decker. On the second deck was a forge in complete operation, military implements of all kinds were making by candle light and at noonday; on coming upon deck he went up to the cannon that had been fired at the Liberty, with an intention to sink her. It was an enormous piece. Turning to the British captain, "Sir,"

says he (that's Watty) says he, "it looks like a gun." "Aye," exclaims Ratty, (the butcher you know) says he, "it wants a polish, it wants as one does to say a little greasing." "True, (says Watty) says he, "what I mean, it's too short, it's like you should say a word about the case, it's like you should say a word about the taylor." "Aye," says Button, (that's the taylor) "it should only be hit, the case should be managed gently, or we shall be in danger." So it was agreed among the officers not to publish any more till revised and polished for fear of offending.—So, Mr. Printer, if you like to print this, seeing as how it's already written off, you can do it, that's all.—By order of the committee.

COLLECTORIAL.

THE PRINTER.

OUR NEWSPAPERS PUBLISHING now

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

Followed by Mrs. Derry, at the B. & C. in aid of a Poor Fund, given by the Managers of the Philanthropic Theatre, on the 7th instant.

Then that bright region, where the orient skies seem either day and glow with purest dies,—
That lonely land where fragrance lounds the gale,
And Coros laugh along the golden vale—
From classic shades, where wisdom erat, was taught;
From mortal plains, where God like heroes fought;
From Greece! the mother of a noble race,
The nurse of infant liberty—the grace
And glory of her age—now sunk, desp'ld—
Her trophies furnish'd, and her honours'd—
From hapless Greece—a shriek of woe is sent
To earth, and pierces the armament!
It is the affliction, woes for christian aid,
To hold the wounds that infidels have made;
It is the matron, in her anguish wild,
Implores each mother to protect her child;
It is a nation, once supreme in might,
Sick of the nations, but a nation's right
It is a people, struggling to be free,
Calls on each frenzied arm to strike for Liberty!
Well Greece appeal in vain! Will yet the world
Behold, unaid'd, her flag of death unfurled!
Ah! there is a land where want and grief,
Never used in vain for pity and relief,
A land whose sons with generous ardor glow,
Whose beauties daughters fit for others' woe.
Americans! I still deserve that name;
And let your death be worthy of your fame,
Greece has her heroes who have fought and won;
Greece yet, perhaps, may boast her Washington.
But, O! forget not through what fields of toil,
You care'd with drops of blood, your happy soil,
Remember all your wants, and perils past,
The victory perch'd upon your crest at last,
And, white, secure, you sheath the conquering
sword,
Ah! grant that sympathy you once implored.

Letter of Biago's Wife to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Most EXCELLENT SIR.—The irresistible voice of nature strikes the oppressed bosom of a young wife, sick, abandoned, far from the land of her birth, and separated from her beloved husband, united to him by sit the ties of blood, whom the chance of war, and the vicissitudes of the political revolution which still agitates his country, have thrown into the obscurity of a dungeon, where her imagination, full of grief and horror, presents him to her at every instant, surrounded with dangers and afflictions. Not a single letter—not a single word from her unfortunate husband—from a man more admired for his virtues and humanity than even for the bravery of his actions—has come to tranquillize her ill-fated existence; two nights having elapsed since he became a prisoner to the French arms. Her uncle and brother-in-law, the only brother of Don Raphael del Biago, whose literary life, whose ecclesiastical character appeared to insure to him an obscure tranquil existence within the precincts of the temple, finds himself buried amidst the agitations of the political world, banished from his country and repudiated from the altar as an unworthy minister of Religion.

In this situation, truly tragical and lamentable, aggravated by her total ignorance of the fate of three younger brothers, the eldest scarcely twenty-one years of age, and three infant sisters, all dispersed over the face of the Peninsula, without a father, without a mother, and without the shelter and support of their guardian and uncle—who giving vent to the tender sentiments of father, brother, legal protector, and natural friend, exclaims, on seeing the dreadful storm which threatens completely to destroy his whole family, directing himself to your Excellency—for what crime committed against heaven or earth is this unhappy brother so cruelly persecuted? Is it an unpardonable crime in the eyes of civilized France, for the young soldier, who, during the period of five years spent in her bosom, imbued the truths of morality, of philosophy, and of the rights which all nations possess to endeavour to establish a system of political happiness—to have wished to assert the same principles which he had seen displayed among the moral maxims and enchanting images of the author of the *Martyr* and of the *Genius of Christianity*? Is it a crime that a valiant youth, in whose hands alone the arm'd hand of his country—which he had traversed from Cape Finisterre to the columns of Hercules, from the Bidasoa to the Tagus, bearing the cry of discontent, and seeing the misery, disorder, and degradation, into which the immorality and the insatiable avarice of the evil counsellors of Ferdinand had unhappily sunk her? Is it an inexplicable crime, I say, that he should have raised his voice on the banks of the Guadalete, and exclaimed to his compatriots, "Ferdinand is your King! Ferdinand is not a tyrant! Far not to repeat the echo of Las Cabras; let that sound reach his ears and Spain will be happy, and Ferdinand behold him surrounded by his children!" O! shall deeds of valour, of humanity, of suffering, of constancy, and the sacrifice of health and of life, offered up on the altars of his country to ameliorate the condition of his fellow citizens—actions which constitute the prominent feature of heroism, be blotted out from among the names of the social virtues, and placed in the black catalogue of crimes?

The sword which became a national trophy, and which was solemnly decreed to belong to the people alone—the hymns which were heard by joyful Andalusia, and resounded on the banks of the Ebro and the Mendo, afterwards repeated with approbation on those of the Sile, the Thames, the Danube, and the Ebre—the patriot soldier, who, three refused to be girded with the sash of the General, with which it pleased his Monarch to remunerate him, as well as to nominate him his Adelio Camp—the head, which was decorated with the civic crowns of the olive and the rose, presented to him by an enraptured people filled with the enthusiasm of the purest pleasure,—will this sword, I ask, be converted (as now so madly and audaciously some pretend,) in the pages of severe history, into the bloody dagger of a man destroying rebel? Will these patriotic hymns be changed into the bitter sarcasms of ironical songs; and will the serene forehead of a virtuous man, who deserved of his King and country the title of their best servant, be traduced as vile and treacherous?

Let, Sir, his destiny be whatever Heaven may please; it be such that he may draw upon his devoted head all the unbridled passions of a pernicious policy—of blood-thirsty vengeance, and of the insatiable hatred of fanaticism—yet never shall the virtues of Biago be converted into crimes, and never will the government of France be able to wash away the stain, which shall forever cover it, should they allow a General, whom the French arms had dedicated in that field in which he fought under the orders of his King, denying to him the rights of a prisoner of war, to fall a sacrifice to man's passions—passions which if not repressed, will terminate in shaking even to their foundations, the legitimate thrones of all existing dynasties.

The pen of the Canon Biago, not accustomed to write upon matters of state, delineates upon paper, the sentiments which animate his bosom in favor of a brother, without fearing to displease a Minister whom he cannot look upon in any other light than as a man of sense, an enlightened philosopher, and a profound writer. Were he, however, allowed, in advocating a cause which he is so much interested in pleading, to mix some political considerations, how many could he not present to the superior understanding of the sagacious Minister, calculated to prevail upon him to exert all his influence in the cabinet of his most Christian Majesty, to have the French government from such enormous disgraces, and to acquire to himself the glory of an action as just as it is humane.

What greater punishment—what more cruel sufferings can be inflicted on Biago than the spirit-wounding reflections which cannot now agitate him, but which, in the course of those very moments, are enough to consume him.

open whose virtues, experience, knowledge and political foresight, he had founded the hope of securing the throne of his king established and respected, and the prosperity of all his fellow citizens secured and promoted? And how have his companions in arms, who, on so many occasions, liberty, and king, with his own celebrated one, behaved? How have they defended (if I may be allowed the expression) the work of Biago? Then what greater punishment—what more cruel sufferings—where, then, is the political reason for considering the existence of Biago as terrible?

But if so many powerful reasons should not be sufficient to move your excellency to the performance of the action of saving Biago (an action as noble as it is glorious,) let the bitter tears of his distracted, exiled, heart-broken wife, fading away in the flower of her age with a consumptive disease, excite in your heart the feelings of compassion, and urge you to do a deed for which your name shall be blessed by generations yet unborn. O! why was she ever separated from her mother's womb?—Why did the light of heaven ever shine upon her pale cheek? Surely not that she might live so cruelly—so barbarously tormented!

Eight and twenty days have elapsed since a wife, downcast in tears, and a brother agitated with a thousand inquietudes, threw themselves on the compassion of the most Christian King, through the medium of Prince de Polignac, who assured them that their ardent prayers by means of your Excellency, would reach his august ears; but even the small consolation of knowing that such has been the case has never arrived to both their anxiety or their griefs. Louis ought to save France—Louis ought to save Spain. An afflicted wife and disconsolate brother place their trust in Chateaubriand for the salvation of the life of Biago.

MARIA TERESA DEL RIEGO,
MIGUEL DEL RIEGO, Canon of Oviedo,
27, Alfred-place, Gowell-street road,
London, Nov. 14, 1823.

His Excellency the Viscount de Chateaubriand, Minister of Foreign Affairs to his Most Christian Majesty.

VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.

Washington Monument—and the Greeks.

Mr. Gordon, of Albemarle, submitted to the House the following Preamble and Resolution: "The Fame of Heroes and Patriots is best preserved in the memory of their virtues; and the brazen monuments which art can erect, are but mute and motionless manifestations of a nation's gratitude. The winged messenger of letters communi-cates to every bosom the thrill of public love, at the achievements of Patriot virtue, and time but swells the tide of glory which shall roll through generations yet to come. The fame of Washington and his compatriots will be perpetuated in the hearts of Millions yet to live. This great community of Republics is the Monument on which their deeds of glory are inscribed, and from every temple in which Liberty is worshipped, the hosannahs of countless thousands will resound their vox to Heaven."

Resolved, therefore, That the individuals who have subscribed money to erect a Monument to the fame of Heroes and Patriots, be entitled to an annual sum of 1,500,000 francs, paid at Conde (France) for transit duty.

Extract of a private letter, of the 14th Oct from Odessa:—"According to letters from Constantinople, Delaham Effendi, who has been restored to the Divan, was only removed to prevent his opposition to the new measures recently discussed and adopted by the Porte, with regard to Russia. Delaham is very firm in his system, but hitherto he has offered no opposition to the measures adopted in his absence. The deposition of the Mopthi is regarded as the most important event that has occurred since the insurrection of the Greeks. As chief interpreter of the laws, and head of the Umbras, he signed all the *fetwas* of the Sultan, which are not considered binding without his signature. Various rumours abroad upon the cause of his deposition, which certainly is a fresh manifestation of the courage and energy of the Sultan."

On the 13th October, Baron Hyde de Neuville, French ambassador at Lisbon, gave a magnificent ball "in honor of the liberation of the King of Spain and his august family." His Royal Highness, Don Miguel, of Portugal, was present, with all the Corps Diplomatique.

Sir Robert Wilson has been deprived of the king of the Red Eagle, by a decree of

the king of Prussia, dated October 1.

The Paris and London papers continue to discuss the affairs of South America, and deal in due speculations as to the designs of the Holy Alliance. The editors of the latter insist, that John Bull will do as he pleases, unfettered by any of them—and the former admit, that if called to a Congress, England will not repair to it, or at most only leave a *voting card* by a ceremonial diplomat, and continue to take her own course.

The Courier of the 21st November, announces the death of Lord Erskine, in Edinburgh, in consequence of an inflammation of the lungs. His lordship was in his 76th year. The Sun of the 22d contains an interesting biographical sketch of his lordship.

Advice from Frankfort mention that several German and Prussian officers are about raising a legion of 2000 men to proceed to the assistance of the Greeks. Several officers have passed over to England upon this business.

An immense quantity of snow fell in Switzerland on the 3d of October.

Two young ladies in London, Miss Margaret Thompson and Miss Cardiff, were found dead in their bed. They were suffocated in consequence of a charcoal fire having been kept in the room.

The Cabinet Council was held on the 21st, and was fully attended.

A late Paris newspaper states, that as several young women are now in the habit of keeping the commercial books of their husbands, a Demoiselle Beance announces, that from the 15th of November, she will give regular instructions to her own sex in that very useful science. The French character is evidently improving.

A steam packet has commenced plying upon the Danube, from Vienna to the city of Pest, in Hungary.

The king of England has remitted the fine of 5000 imposed by the court on Miss Ann Carlisle—and ordered her discharge from imprisonment.

By letters received in London from the East Indies, it appears that 100 houses were destroyed by fire at the Bazar, Bhangalpore, in the East Indies. Three females were burned to death, and four were missing. Many cloth merchants were ruined. The natives stood weeping and looking on the fire, without doing any thing to stop it.

The amount of exports of British manufactures to Buenos Ayres and Chili, during the last year, is stated to have exceeded seven millions dollars.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SMALL POX.

Alarming fears and discontent have arisen in this city and its vicinity, since the introduction of the Small Pox. Doubts have arisen respecting the preventative power of vaccination, since many are infected by the former who considered themselves secure, after having passed through the vaccine. Different stories are in circulation respecting the nature of the disease. Some refuse to give it the appellation of Small-Pox, but do not know what else to make of it. Others have said, it was a peculiar disease imported by a negro—whereas it is widely different from the Yaws. The total silence of those that have the knowledge and opportunity to observe the disease in question, has determined me, since I have seen a case, to inform the public in general, that it is positively the Small-Pox. It has been ascertained in Europe, and particularly in London, that vaccination is no perfect preventative against that disease; but some persons, after passing duly through the vaccine disease, may be infected with the former. But, in such cases, that latter disease appears greatly mitigated, and proves but seldom mortal. Its course is much shorter, and generally no secondary fever arises, as is the case in the natural small-pox, where no vaccination has previously been performed, and during which all the danger originates. Whether any here have died, who have had the vaccine disease *fully*, I know not, since every practitioner keeps his records wholly within himself.

As vaccination is now generally conducted, many spurious cases must occur—said in all spurious cases the small-pox acts in its full fury—it is with regret, that I have heard of numerous persons, going (in the spring season,) about the town and its vicinity, offering themselves to Vaccinate for a dollar or less, (when if another will earn any thing in this branch of practice, he dare not charge more without losing his business,) and after having received their pay, never call again. Nay, women often practise this delicate operation on their own children, and on others.

Some doubts have arisen in my mind at observing the virus taken from a scab. The first vaccine virus that was sent over from England, was soon altered, and produced a spurious kind, by the inattention of unskillful persons, who did not know the proper time when the virus must be taken; and it continued in this state until genuine matter was again procured from the same country. The scab must, in my opinion, be composed of the genuine virus, and that which is received after the effervescence has taken place—consequently the vaccination is effected by a compound composed of genuine and spurious matter. Perhaps this may likewise be a cause of so many persons being now infected with the small-pox.

Why vaccination is only practised here in the spring season, I cannot divine; since it succeeds equally well and safe, if properly conducted, at all seasons of the year. If it was to be continued, as in Europe, throughout the year, and by skill

full hands only, fresh and genuine matter might always be had, and probably many bad conse-

quences thereby prevented, should the small-pox be inadvertently introduced. And when this might happen, the first cases ought immediately, to be isolated, and to be treated with the small-pox.

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Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, January 10, 1824.

ity, the ice gave way, and four of them sank into deep water. Two of them, however, were rescued from their perilous situation; but a son of the widow Smith, aged about 13 years, was drowned—was also a coloured boy, who lived with the Rev. Mr. Judd.

Capt. Hitchcock, from St. Kitts, arrived at N. York, states that when he left the island it was under martial law, and it was supposed the negroes were making preparations to rise against the whites, as arms, ammunition, &c. had been found concealed on several plantations.

Mexico.—Capt. Fox, of the schr. Racer, arrived at this port, from Tampico, informs that the first Congress had met, and formed a new constitution, on the 5th of December. Tampico has been and still remains very sickly.

On the morning of the 23d ult. two coloured children in Hartford county, Md. were left in a house alone, and shocking to relate, they fell into the fire, which burnt one of them to cinders, and the other so severely that it is thought it cannot survive.

A Hatter in New-York advertises, that he will give in aid of the Greek Fund 25 cents on every hat of the new fashion which he shall sell for the three ensuing months.

By the arrival of the ship Wm. Penn, at Baltimore from St. Ubes, information has been received, stating that a number of Constitutional officers, have been sent to Lisbon for trial.

It is stated in the Richmond Enquirer, that Col. George M. Brooke has received orders from the War Department, to move from Cantonment Clinch, near Pensacola, with four companies, to establish a new post at Tampa, (East Florida.) This will be the most southern post in the U. S.

Mr. Blunt, of the city of New-York, has published a correct chart of New-York Harbor, including the coasts of Long-Island and New-Jersey, from Barnegat Inlet.

Mr. SAMUEL HANOS, printer, a native of Boston, who left Baltimore in 1816, in Mina's expedition to Spanish America, arrived at Newport, on Saturday last, in the big Fores—and has communicated in the Providence papers, an account of his occurrences in his long absence.

African Emigrants—The ship Cyrus, sailed on Sunday morning last, from City Point, (Va.) for Africa, with 125 free blacks for the American colony.

THE TREASURY OF THE U. STATES.

The Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury has been transmitted to Congress.—The precise amount of the actual Receipts into the Treasury during the three first quarters of the departed year, (1823,) are ascertained to be \$16,171,035, and the receipts for the 4th quarter of the same year are estimated at \$4,276,000, making a total net revenue for the year of \$20,444,035; and, with the balance which was in the Treasury on the first day of that year, making a total amount of \$24,681,462. The Expenditures during the three first quarters of the same year were \$11,122,847, and the Expenditures for the fourth quarter of the same year are estimated at \$7,894,559, making a total expenditure during the last year of \$19,317,407, and leaving a balance in the Treasury on the first day of the present month, estimated at \$9,364,035.

Besides the usual statements of the past, and prospective estimates of receipts and expenditures, &c. the Report contains two specific recommendations: one, that the surplus in the Treasury be applied, under certain limitations, to the purchase of the 7 per cent. stock of the United States, amounting to \$9,610,000; the other, that provision be made for paving the amount adjudged to claimants under the Spanish treaty, by the creation and sale of stock bearing an interest of five per cent. per annum, redeemable in the year 1832.

At a late Circuit Court held at Huntsville, Alabama, the Hon. Chief Justice Clay presiding, it was decided, that on a note payable in specific bank bills of depreciated currency, the plaintiff can only recover the value of those bills in specie, at the time the note was due; upon the same principle, as a note for a given quantity of cotton, where the plaintiff can only recover the value of cotton, at the time it was deliverable—pursuing this same principle, we are also informed that the same Judge has decided, that on a note payable in the United States Bank Notes, which are above par, the plaintiff shall recover in specie, the premium, thus recognizing a higher circulating medium than gold and silver coin. It has also further been decided, that on a note payable in negotiable notes, the plaintiff shall only recover the estimated value of such notes in the market.

Steam Boat Accident on the Ohio—On the 15th of December, as we are informed by the Western papers, before day light in the morning, near the mouth of Big Sandy, the steam boat Pittsburgh, coming up the river, and the steam boat Mercury, (formerly the Robert Thompson,) going down, struck against each other; and Mr. Nesbit, pilot of Wheeling, and two other persons on board the Mercury, were thrown overboard and drowned. The bodies of the Mercury were dashed into the river, and some other damage done to the boat. The Pittsburgh sustained a little injury, and towed the Mercury to the shore. The latter has since gone on with oars—the accident is attributed to inattention on the part of the steersman of the Mercury. The pilots described each other at some distance; and the Pittsburgh put close into the shore and discharged her steam. The pilot of the Mercury directed the boat at the helm; to steer from the shore; but he later either left his post, or was unable to do duty, and the boat neared the other under full sail. An attempt was finally made to throw her into the stream, but the Pittsburgh immediately struck her before the wheel.

Extract of a letter, dated Washington, Jan. 3.

The Secretary of War and his lady, with one of their friends, had a narrow escape last evening. In returning from a large party at Mr. Fox's, the coachman drove up to the door amidst a crowd of carriages, and just as Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun were upon the point of stepping into the horses took fright, and ran at full speed for about half a mile, when the driver was thrown from his seat; and the carriage dashed to pieces, over head of. Had the Secretary and his lady a moment sooner, it is probable both of them would have lost their lives. The coachman was considerably injured, but not dangerously.

The gross receipts at the Theatre on Wednesday evening last, at a Benefit in aid of the Greek cause, was \$18,800; the expences \$300 dollars leaving a clear balance of \$18,600 dollars.

Very Political Addresses have been presented to the Managers of the New Orleans Theatre, for the premium lately offered. They are mostly in the Northern States.

Mr. Keen is indisposed, and cannot, at present, appear at Drury Lane Theatre. There is a slight improvement in his fever, of the same type of which he was afflicted at Boston.

Mr. Bowden is said to be very far advanced in his life of John Kemble, which may be expected early in the ensuing year. All the parties are supplied original documents relating to his history that substantiate between Mr. Kemble and Mr. Bowden, gives him peculiar advantages for his work.

Henry Myers, a Philadelphia youth, is highly esteemed in the Mobile Mercantile Register, for his performances in that place.

We have received a note from "a Subscriber," complaining of a practice which we have frequently noticed, but in vain—we inform him that we have not the means of remedying the evil; if our subscribers will lend their papers, it is not improbable but they may find individuals enough, who, rather than pay the trifling expence of two dollars, the price of our subscription, will borrow the paper every week throughout the year, without once considering how much trouble and perplexity they occasion. He states, that "last Saturday, when the paper was thrown into the store, there were no less than three persons waiting for it, two of whom read it, and the third carried it away with him!" with the promise, however, of returning it in a few minutes—but I did not get it again until Sunday morning, about 11 o'clock, when the borrower said he had entirely forgot it." Our subscriber concludes with a "wish that we would give them what he calls a strong hint!"

Not knowing precisely all the terms he might use, we have copied his letter in part, with a brief application, which we advise him to show to his tormentors, who, we should suppose, will be apt to judge whether it will answer. Hints are of little avail with those who possess no regard for the common claims of honesty, not to say a word about good manners.

The weather, for a few weeks past, has been a subject of general speculation and surprise. It has been more like April than January. The river is wholly unobstructed by ice. We have heard of an instance of a rose bush, of the kind called *Daily Rose*, which has stood exposed all the season, that has put forth a full blown rose, besides several buds. Other shrubbery of a forward kind has every appearance of putting forth. We hope this unusual mildness will not be followed by a backward spring, which, however, we fear there is reason to expect.

The "Female Hospitable Society," have ex-

isted during the last year \$1,112 51¢ cents

reduced 885, and given employment to 246 per-

sons; besides distributing 639 garments, 1886

pounds of bread, together with bibles, testaments,

&c. &c. They keep for sale at No. 54, North

Fourth street, Shirts, Cravats, Sheetings, Table

Linen, &c. &c. made by the poor. There is no

means more unexceptionable of giving assistance to the poor, than those adopted by this Society, and none have a stronger claim on the charity and benevolence of our city. They observe in their

last annual report, that "the scarcity of employ-

ment is also a subject of much regret, and we la-

ment that it is not more generally taken into se-

rious consideration. Volumes might be and are

written on the importance of finding work for the

poor, but as yet no public provision has been made

to bring into actual use what appears so beautiful in theory. For fifteen years, this Society has been

making constant endeavours to promote so desir-

able a purpose;—but, from the precarious nature

of its funds, it has accomplished but little, when

compared with what remains to be done. Yet are

we so convinced, by the beneficial effects of what

we are able to do, that giving employment is the

surest and best mode of relief to the needy, that we

earnestly recommend every exertion still to be

made, to continue this form of assistance."

Subscriptions and donations are received by

Mrs. Van Pelt, Treasurer, No. 149, Chestnut st.

and by the different Managers.

We are sorry our limits compel us to exclude

the very interesting correspondence between Mr.

Adams, our secretary of State, and Mr. Andreas

Lauritsen, an agent from Corinth, on behalf of the

Greeks, with the documents accompanying it.

We may hereafter attempt, at least, a summary

for the present we would observe, we regret ex-

tremely, that it is the policy of our government to say, "it is forbidden by the duties of its situation to take part in their behalf." It has been the

policy of the Priests and Levites of Europe, while

they have beheld the most noble and interesting

people on the face of the earth, exposed to the

merciless fangs of robbers and barbarians, to pass by on the other side. But Greeks, old Greeks,

the seat of early civilization and liberty, in the

language of her deputy, who has stood alone and unsupported, with every thing opposed to them, and nothing to encourage them but patriotism and enthusiasm; if thus they have made way against

their enslavers, what may not do, with the assistance for which they venture to appeal to the generous and free! Greeks stretches out her

hands imploringly, to a land which sprang into being (as it were) ages after her own lustre had

been extinguished, and ventures to hope, that the

youngest and most vigorous sons of liberty, will

reign with no common sympathy her cause.

Heavens! we are ready to exclaim, can such an

appeal be heard in vain; shall we also turn from

them, or shall we act the part of the good Samari-

tan, and pour balm into her lacerated wounds?

But those who know best, have said it is our po-

licy, and we submit—that is of our government;

its citizens are still left free to follow the noblest

impulses which can actuate the human bosom,

and of which it is with pleasure we notice that

Mr. Adams has given them the strongest assurance.

The little editor of the little paper lately estab-

lished in some little hole (Holmes Hole, we be-

lieve,) at the eastward, appears to be in consi-

derable dudgeon. In a single column of the 7th

number, now before us, he informs one of his

subscribers (Zebulon Cook, Jr. Esq.) that "he

cannot discontinue his paper unless he pays for a

year's subscription"—and further on, says that he

"had better pay four dollars now, and save a

sovereign hereafter." He quarrels with the "Agent

of Merchants' Hall," for not encouraging him:

and hopes the Boston Galaxy will exchange with

him when it becomes a daily paper, without pay,

&c. &c.—and, to cap the climax, squabbles with

one of our pickers. As this may afford some

amusement to our readers, and is conducted with

equal brio and dignity on both sides, save that

our lad [and we believe justly, though we did not

see his lines,] complains of not being fairly quot-

ed, we will insert it here:

From the Nautical Intelligencer.

On the commencement of our paper, as is

usual among printers, we sent our first No. out of

courtesy, to the Saturday Evening Post, at Phila-

delphia, with the word "Exchange" written on

the margin. In the course of a week or more,

we received theirs, with the following word: "Our

exchange list is already too large," from which

we supposed they cared but little about exchang-

ing with us. As a rejoinder we sent them our

second number, with this, "that being an conti-

nuous to the Vineyard Sound, we would cast their

paper into the sea should they again send it to us."

Supposing they had the fear of being drowned be-

fore their eyes, it would prevent them from trou-

bling us more, but by the last mail we received

another of their amusing sheets, with a marginal

note to the following effect, supposed to be the

joint labor of Mrs. Atkinson & Alexander, with

the addition of a line from the "Devil," after which

their brains must have taken their usual places,

as it was near three weeks before it could be ex-



* Virtue's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Trister, I read in your paper,
The complaint of a bachelor—Moses,
How's this, Sir, he eats a fine caper,
And his countenance great folly discloses;
Such a bold-faced impudent elf,
To say that our hearts are all "fickle;"
Should he not be ashamed of himself?
To think thus our senses to tickle;
And his name too, so shockingly hot,
I declare, Sir, it ruin'd my dinner.

Any girl would as soon wed a soot,
A pretty girl?" why he never can win her.
For my part I think him a fool,
And so you may tell Mr. Mustard,
And tell him he'd better keep cool,
'Tis the advice of a friend—

POLLY CUSTARD.

ON A PRINTING-HOUSE.
This World's a Printing-House in which we're in,
Each such a sheet, form'd by the great Composers,
Our thoughts and deeds are types of various sizes,
Which Christ corrects and Heav'n the whole review,
Death is the printer, press, from which living driv'n,
We're gather'd sheet by sheet and bound for Heaven.

WHAT IS BEAUTY!
Beauty with all its charms combin'd,
Is but an idol of the mind;
An empty show deck'd with pride,
A spring where fancied pleasures flow,
A field where disappointments grow,
Or like a sun-beam dancing on the tide.

From the Evangelical Intelligencer.

THE MAHOMETAN CREED.

I believe in the books which have been delivered
to the prophets. In this manner was the Koran delivered to Mahomet, the Pentateuch to Moses, the Psalter to David, and the Gospel to Jesus.—I believe in the prophets, and the miracles which they performed. Adam was the first prophet and Mahomet the last. I believe that for the space of fifty thousand years, the righteous shall repose under the shade of the terrestrial paradise, and the wicked shall be exposed to the burning rays of the sun. I believe in the bridge Babil, which passes over the bottomless pit of Hell; it is as fine as a hair, and sharp as a sabre. All must pass over it, and the wicked shall be thrown off. I believe in the water pools of Paradise. Each of the prophets has in Paradise, a basin for his own use; the water is whiter than milk and sweeter than honey. On the ridges of the pools are vessels to drink out of, and they are bordered with stars. I believe in Heaven and Hell; the inhabitants of the former know not want, and the hours who attend them are never afflicted with sickness. The floor of Paradise is musk, the stones are silver, and the cement gold. The damned are, on the contrary tormented with fire, and by voracious, and poisonous animals.

The four perfect women.—Mahomet informs us, that among men many have been found perfect; but among women only four. This is an incivility which is not even excusable in a Prophet. He even mentions the four fortunate ladies: Asa, the wife of Pharaoh; Mary, the daughter of Imran; Khejjah, the daughter of Khawaled; and Fatima the daughter of Mahomet. How it happened that the Prophet felt such a partiality for the wife of Pharaoh, of whom the world knows nothing, is a mystery not for us to penetrate. But there is a good reason to know why he is so favorable to the other three perfect ladies; one was his nurse, one his wife, and the other his daughter! Should a wit offer the slightest railing on this absurdity in Constantinople, he would there cease to be a wit, and would become a heretic. The opinions of men are not less distant from each other than their residence.

BLESTEDNESS.—An interesting, but care-worn, in vacuous mood of mind, entered the store of a wealthy merchant in New York, and as he paced along, his eye rested upon a unusual quantity of gold and silver coin, which the clerks were busily in counting. His heart sunk within him as he felt the chill of November, which reminded him of the poverty of his lot and the misery of his family, and turning away in despair, he ejaculated to himself, 'How happy some of that money would make me!' What is that you say my friend?' interrogated the merchant. The confused merchant begged to be excused; he was not conscious of uttering any thing at the moment, at any rate, his thought was not meant for the ear. But the kind hearted merchant would not take denial, and the poor man repeated what before had involuntarily broke from his lips—'And how happy, my dear fellow, would it take, to make you happy!—'O, I don't know; the winter is coming, space, and I have no wood; my wife and children are but poorly clad, for I have been sick. Our wants are limited, however, and fifteen dollars would dissipate the gloom of winter.' 'John count this man fifteen dollars.' The ingenuous heart can feel, like the grateful stranger, the nobleness of such bounty, and exult for human nature, that mock-eyed charity should find such a kindred abode. At evening, the clerk inquired, what entry he should make of the money? 'O! say—by making a man happy, \$15' answered the no less eccentric, than humane merchant.

A ray of heavenly light does occasionally break upon this scene of war, of selfishness and ambitious strife; enough to organize the spirit with despair for the future safety of that unnumbered host, who never feel a glow of charity, and whose breasts are the abode of 'fraud, oppression and hypocrisy.'

The tradition of the Devil and Dr. Faustus was derived from the odd circumstances in which the Bible of Faust, who was the first printer, appeared to the world.—When he had printed off a considerable number of copies he undertook the sale of them at Paris. The copies were printed in imitation of manuscript, and it was his interest to pass them off as such, but as he was enabled to sell his Bibles at sixty crowns while the scribes demanded five hundred, universal astonishment was excited, and particularly when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted and even lowered his price. The uniformity of the copies too increased the wonder. Informations were consequently given to the magistrates against him as a magician his lodgings were searched, and a great number of copies being found, they were seized. Faust's red ink, which was peculiarly brilliant, was said to be his blood; and it was solemnly adjudged, 'that he was in

league with the Devil, when to save himself from bonfire, Faust disclosed his art to the Parliament of Paris, who of course immediately discharged him from all prosecution.

A good argument against imprisonment for debt. One of the Osage Indians, who was on a visit to Washington City a few years ago, being in Baltimore, was shown every thing in the latter city that it was supposed could interest the attention of one of the native lords of the forest. Among other things, his guide conducted him to see the gaol. After viewing it with attention, he exclaimed 'what's dat?' the reply was, 'the gaol.' Indian—'What's gaol?' His guide answered, 'a place to put Indians in who don't pay the skins they owe, skins being the medium of change, or symbol of wealth among the North American savages.' Having viewed it for some time with astonishment, the tutored child of nature gave his reply, worthy of Socrates, a Plato, or a Franklin—'Indian can't catch skin dare.'

Some years since a sober, zealous Connecticut parson, went to chatechise a family in his parish, who were not so well versed in the rudiments of divinity as some are; when he arrived he thought proper to begin with Lois the eldest daughter, a girl about eighteen, and buxom as May, whose charms had smitten the young village swain with an epidemic. 'Well Lois,' said the parson, 'I shall begin on you; come tell me who died for you.' Lois, with a charming flush on her cheek replied, 'why nobody as I know on.' The parson, rather surprised at her answer, repeated the question with increased zeal. Lois rather irritated at the inquisitive parson, again replied, 'why nobody sir; there was Tom Dawson lay sick for me about six months, but folks say he has got about again.'

Dancing.—The Chinese have odd ideas of this amusement. When Com. Anson was at Canton, the officers of the Centurion had a ball upon some court holiday. While they were dancing, a Chinese, who very quietly surveyed the operation, and, softly, to one of the party. 'Why don't you let your servants do this for you?'

The Mayor of Norwich and a party of friends, dined with the juice of the Tuscan grape, having gone to the Theatre a few years ago, to witness the performance of the tragedy of Richard the Third, they entered the house just as Richard exclaimed, 'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!' when one of the gentlemen facetiously replied, 'I have no horse, but (clapping his hand upon the shoulder of the Chief Magistrate) here is a May', if that will do for you!' It is almost superfluous to add that this response had a powerful effect on the risible faculties of the audience.

How many heart-aches should we spare ourselves, if we were careful to check every unkind word or action towards those we love, by this anticipating reflection: the time may soon arrive, when the being whom I am now about to afflict may be snatched from me forever, to the cold recesses of the grave, secured from the assaults of my pitiability and deaf to the voice of my remorseful penitence!

The height of happiness, beyond all doubt, is to enjoy in the same person the delights of love and the pleasures of friendship; and to find in that person an affectionate wife and faithful friend; no other felicity comparable to this, can the present life afford! But let us say no more.



AGRICULTURAL.

To the Philadelphia Society for the Promotion of Agriculture.

Perth Amboy, 10th July, 1823.

Having been for eight or ten years past in the successful practice of cultivating Lucerne, I think it may beneficially promote the interest of Agriculture, to offer you a few remarks on that subject.

This article, (frequently denominated French Clover,) I have found by experience, to be not only the most convenient but also the most profitable of all grasses. It vegetates quicker in the Spring than any other grass, it resists the effect of droughts, it may be cut 4 or 5 times in the course of the season, and it will endure from 10 to 12 years without renewing. Of all other grasses it is the most profitable for sowing. I am full of opinion, that one acre properly got in would be more than sufficient to maintain at least half of cattle from the first of May, until the frosts set in, for before it can be cut down in this way, the first part of it will again be ready for the scythe. English writers have recommended the drill system for this grass, but in this climate I have found this plan not to answer.

The proper mode is to put the land in good order, to sow it broad cast, and to get the seed in during the month of April, or the early part of May. Fall sowing will not answer, as when sown so late, it, like Clover, is found not to resist the effects of the frosts.

It may be got in with Spring Rye, or Barley, or with Oats, but in the last case,

the Oats would require to be cut green and before getting into seed, and by this means, an early feed for cattle would be obtained without impoverishing the soil.

But the mode I would most confidently recommend, would be to sow with the Lucerne, about half a bushel of common (winter) Rye to the acre.

The effect of this is, that the Rye, which vegetates quickly, serves as a nurse to the young grass, against the effects of the scorching sun, and by the time the grass attains sufficient strength to protect itself, the Rye withers and apparently dies.

It will however again come forth in the spring and mix with the Lucerne, will add much to the quantity of fodder, and prove a most excellent feed for cattle. The Rye will admit of being cut green in this way, (before getting into seed) two or three times with the Lucerne, before it decays. The quantity of seed I recommend, is at the rate of 15 to 20 pound to the acre.

The kind of soil most suitable for this culture is a dry, mellow land—but a sandy or clay land will also answer, provided they are not wet.

In a favorable season, the Lucerne may be cut the ensuing fall—after the first season, you may generally begin to cut it green for cattle by the first of May, which saves the young pasture, and is in every respect a great convenience, as hogs and every description of animals devour it with equal avidity.

It produces a great quantity of seed, and is much more easily obtained than clover. The second and third crops are the most productive of seed.

JOHN PATRICK.

Sweet Potatoes.—A person in S Carolina raised the past season 800 bushels sweet potatoes on an acre! placing the vines singly in their beds an inch a part—The same person had one potato 2 feet 9 inches long, and another which weighed 12 1/4 pounds!

John.—A correspondent informs us, that from his own experience and the opinion of the best farmers, he is satisfied that a bushel of good ashes is worth the price of a bushel of corn, to put on corn, fax, grass, or a garden; and he is surprised that any person should continue the practice of selling when the potato, at the trifling price of 8 or 10 cents a bushel.

John.—The tradition of the Devil and Dr. Faustus was derived from the odd circumstances in which the Bible of Faust, who was the first printer, appeared to the world.—

When he had printed off a considerable

number of copies he undertook the sale of them at Paris.

The copies were printed in imitation of manuscript, and it was his interest to pass them off as such, but as he was enabled to sell his Bibles at sixty

crowns while the scribes demanded five hundred, universal astonishment was excited,

and particularly when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted and even lowered his price.

The uniformity of the copies too increased the wonder.

Informations were consequently given to the magistrates against him as a magician his lodgings were searched, and a great number of copies being found, they were seized.

Faust's red ink, which was peculiarly

bright, was said to be his blood; and it was

solemnly adjudged, 'that he was in

league with the Devil, when to save himself from bonfire, Faust disclosed his art to the Parliament of Paris, who of course immediately discharged him from all prosecution.

BALM OF COLUMBIA.

An important recent Chemical Discovery.

THE Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, and elsewhere, are requested to observe, that John Oldridge, has fortunately discovered, by the power of Chemistry, the grand secret of preventing Hair from falling off, in Forty-Eight Hours from its first application. This Balm, will, most absolutely, in the course of a short time, make the Hair grow Healthy, and thick, and restore it again if the part is totally bald. Thick, and strong hairs, will grow rapidly. It also cures the Dandruff.

It has proved its ability to restore a full head of hair on those who were bald at 20 years of age, in the short time of 13 weeks. On those who were older, it was longer in effecting the change, in proportion to age. Any person under forty years of age, need not wait so long as 13 weeks, to see the result. The young hair always appears on the part that was bald in the course of twenty-one days. Though the person who uses it be even so old, by applying it occasionally it will prevent the hair from falling off.

It is prepared and sold at a half a dollar per bottle.

John Oldridge, No. 55 1/2 South Front street, and No. 11, North Eighth street, Philadelphia; where Certificates may be seen.

Also, with Mrs. THATCHER, No. 417 Pearl street, New York.

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